Northern Messenger

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WE ARE GETTING NEAR THE GATE THAT OPENS ON THE DAY.

(Mary Rowles Jarvis, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Just fifty years ago, dear wife, since first we came this way,
I young and strong and blithe of heart, and you my Queen of May,

The skylarks sang far up the blue, and cuckoos matched their powers,
Till heaven seemed just as full of praise as earth was full of flowers!

There was a bliss in every step that marked the daisy sod,
When first we went in company up to the house of God;

When from the old Book, side by side, we
read the words of life,
And prayed the dear familiar prayers to-
gether, man and wife.

I mind just how the parson looked—dead
now this forty year—
And how on squire's big curtained pew
the light struck bold and clear,
And while about the open porch the swal-
lows skimmed the eaves,
The south wind made a music like, among
the ivy leaves.

That was the bright beginning, dear, to
all the blessed years,
Where love has doubled all our joys, and
more than halved our tears:
And goodness follows still behind, and
mercy goes before,
To bring us to the Father's house—we'll
soon be at the door!

We've had our share of troubles, wife,
hard times and harder fare,
And sometimes scarce enough of that, and
never much to spare;
Dark days, when life seemed winter bound
and hope was far to seek,
But through it all our Sundays made a
Maytime in the week.

We brought the children up to think that
day the best of seven,
It came between the toil and moil, so like
a bit of heaven;
We loved our church, for there we heard
of Him who died to save,
Though by-and-by we had to go past little
Lucy's grave.

But never once in all these years has win-
ter long prevailed
Above the spring, and never once has
God's own covenant failed;
Like this May sunlight still it shines,
good wife, on you and me,
And on Will's home in foreign parts, and
Jamie on the sea.

We've Bessie and her children still, and,
over and above
All else, we have each other, dear—we've
proved that life is love,
And love is life; and for the rest, it's
strange how things grow plain
When children's children climb the knee
and make one young again.

Just fifty years ago, dear heart! to-day our
heads are gray,
And we are getting near the gate that op-
ens on the Day;
We need not fear the future, love, so good
has been the past,
And, come what may, God always keeps
His best things till the last!

A Notable 'Messenger' Family.

St. Mary's, Ont., April 13, 1903.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—I find that in sending for eight 'Northern Messengers' for eight families of my grandchildren, I only sent seven. I found this out when one of them was not coming. I looked over my book, and find it was my mistake. Some of my grandchildren have now children of their own, but they like the 'Messenger' still, and I continue to send it to them. I have been paying for it for them over twenty years. Yours truly,

ALEX. WOOD.

Saved by Miracle

TWO STARTLING NARRATIVES.

The Rev. Joseph Bush publishes in the 'Methodist Recorder' the following remarkable story about the late Rev. Peter Samuel: —

On a Sabbath evening he had been conducting a service in a mission room. At the prayer meeting which followed, Peter Samuel's attention was attracted by a middle-aged, well-dressed woman who appeared in great trouble. Mr. Samuel went and spoke to her. The woman avowed herself in deep concern about her soul, and listened eagerly to the counsels of the young preacher. At length, as if suddenly recollecting the hour, she remarked that she could not stay longer; but she desired further instruction, and would count it a favor if Mr. Samuel would call at her house for this purpose on some evening during the week.

Mr. Samuel consented. The day and hour were fixed—Tuesday at seven. It was winter, and the evenings were dark.

Mr. Samuel found the house. It was about the sixth door, on the right, away from the main street, in a rather wide court or alley. Satisfied that he was at the right door, Peter Samuel raised his hand to knock. But when his hand was being lifted for this purpose it was arrested—suddenly gripped as if by an invisible hand. Mr. Samuel did not feel anything material, but, do what he would, he could not get his hand above a certain level.

He paused, thought, and resolved. He would try again. But a second time, and at the same point, his hand was arrested. The young preacher grew nervous; the thing was unaccountable. But he had come on a good errand—he was on the Master's business; and, despite much trepidation, he made up his mind to try a third time—which should be the last.

Again he tried to raise his hand to knock at the door, and again, as twice before, the movement was arrested, and he could not get his hand high enough to knock. In a moment, three times in succession, Peter Samuel lost all control of his right hand; it was as if smitten with paralysis.

After three attempts to knock at the door, and each attempt mysteriously overruled and defeated, Mr. Samuel concluded that there was more at work than he could see, and he returned to his own home.

Not long after two persons were hanged in Edinburgh for the crime with which the notorious Burke is associated. One of the two was the woman who performed as a penitent at a Methodist prayer meeting, and begged the young evangelist to call upon her, that she might learn from his lips what she must do to be saved.

So far as Peter Samuel was concerned, the woman confessed everything. In order that she might compass his death she attended the service, stayed to the prayer meeting, attracted the young preacher's attention, and arranged the visit. On that Tuesday evening at seven she had in the house two desperate men. When the preacher called, and the conversation between herself and Mr. Samuel had fairly commenced, these fellows were to enter the room, murder the young man, sell his body for dissection, and the three conspirators would divide amongst themselves the proceeds of the sale.

The Rev. John Reynolds, one of Wesley's Travelling Preachers, used to tell a similar experience, which befel his colleague, the saintly Bramwell. It occurred in Liverpool. Mr. Bramwell had been very successful among the Irish Catholics in the slums, and the priests were very angry. One Sunday night he was roused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. An Irish wharf laborer stood there, and besought him to come and pray with a dying man, who had been brought to conviction under his sermon. Mr. Bramwell went with him at once. When he reached the room on an upper floor, where the dying man was said to be, his companion opened the door and asked him to come in. But when Mr. Bramwell stepped forward, he felt what seemed to be a hand on his breast thrusting him back. Again he tried, and again he was prevented. He spoke to God in silent prayer. And then he said, in solemn, thrilling tones, 'Wretched murderer that you are! That man lying there—your confederate—is dead!' The man who brought him screamed aloud. The people in the neighboring rooms came flocking in, some with lighted candles in their hands. And there, in a corner of the room, on a bed on the floor, lay a dead man with a knife clutched in his dead hand! His shrieking comrade confessed they had planned to murder Bramwell while he was kneeling in prayer. The late Mr. Mortimer Rush, of St. Kilda road, had this story from the lips of his mother, who was the Rev. John Reynold's daughter.

Postal Crusade.

The following sums are acknowledged, with many thanks, and are to be used for subscriptions in papers for India:

$5 from L. M. E., $3.50 from Phillipsville Circle for papers to Leper Asylum; $2 from Miss Maggie Cameron, Iroquois, for 'Weekly Witness' to Leper Asylum; $1 from A Lover of the 'Messenger'; $1 from A Friend at Valleyfield; and several contributions for stamps on papers. Grateful letters are now coming in from Christian natives who are delighted with the 'Northern Messenger' and 'World Wide.' These will appear from time to time in the Post-Office Crusade paper, the subscription list of which is increasing every day, but which requires 1,000 paid-up subscriptions of thirty cents each to make it of real benefit for India. Address:

The Post-Office Crusade,
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

The following amounts have been received for the Post-Office Crusade Fund:

M. Worrell, Harrigan Cove, N.S..	$ .20
K. MacDougall, Verna, Man.. . . .	.20
S. McClinton, Black Bank, Ont. . .	2.00
Jas. Cram, Sr., Smith's Falls, Ont. .	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Barnet, Sr., Living Springs, Ont..	1.00
J. F. Lesslie, Kingston, Ont.. . . .	1.00
John Gibson, Mossley, Ont.	1.05
A Denver Friend	1.00
A Friend to Missions	.70
Lizzie Price, Cobden, Ont.	.25
	$8.40

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Lost Lead.

('Spectator,' Australia.)

Jim Meredith's store was deserted of all its usual frequenters. It had been raining all day, and the few who had ventured out to have a chat with the genial and popular storekeeper had dropped out again towards teatime, after settling all vexed questions about the campaign in South Africa and finally disposing of the Boers with true British self-conceit. Bob Tinning, the saddler, and Matthew Martin, the blacksmith, almost came to an open rupture over the disposal of the still uncaptured De Wet, Matthew persuading Bob to his views with a heavy fist brought down with a tremendous thump on the counter.

Drip, drip, drip fell the raindrops from the verandah outside, and the rattle of the rain upon the iron roof kept up a continual patter. It was raining as it only can rain in Gippsland—just as if it never would stop again. And as Jim Meredith looked out upon the darkness, and the light from the store streamed over the mud and glistened in the puddles of the roadway, he shivered, and turned, intending to close up for the night and retire to his cosy sitting-room, where a bright and loving welcome awaited him.

Jim Meredith was of a strong, upright build, inclined to be rather rotund as he grew older, and indulged less in laborious exercise. Jim was a Methodist of the good old-fashioned type—a local preacher. A man who, while he had a friendly word with all, yet spoke with no uncertain sound on the side of right. The store was his own; it held a good stock, and what with its profits and an occasional deal in cattle, care sat lightly on his brow. He faced the world with the look of a man who knew something of his own worth, for it had not always been so. Jim knew what it was to be poor, and was the better man for the experience.

As he turned to put out the light, the shuffle of rough boots on the gravel under the verandah, followed by heavy footsteps at the doorway, made him turn and face the newcomer. His eyes rested upon a sight only too familiar to many a storekeeper in or near any of our gold-bearing areas. The man who now entered was what is known as an old prospector. 'Bob,' or 'Old Bob,' as he was now known by the township, had quite a history of his own. Many years before Jim Meredith came to the district Bob, then in the heyday of health and strength, had struck a rich lead of gold, and for weeks had made big money out of it. Coming as he did from thrifty Scotch parentage, he looked around for a good investment for his spare cash. And as there was no store in the neighborhood he decided to build one, and then with his wife's help to turn his gold to good account. But before the store was completed, the run of gold suddenly stopped. 'A fault,' Bob said; he would soon pick it up again. But week followed week of hard toil, and the golden vein refused to be found. The building operations had to come to a sudden standstill, or Bob must borrow money to complete them. When he found the gold again, he would soon clear off the debt. This was how he comforted his wife, who dreaded the idea of borrowed money. The necessary funds were soon forthcoming at rather a high rate of interest, for it was well known that Bob must have it to complete his store. Then as the gold had not yet been found, he must make the best terms he could with the merchants for his stock. And so poor Bob soon found himself bound hand and foot by debt. His wife stood nobly by him, working day and night; but the cares and expense of a numerous family, having to give long credit and its accompanying bad debts, the drain of high interest, made the task too great, and after a few years of heroic struggle the end came. The store, with the business, was sold, and after passing through several hands, came at last into the possession of Jim Meredith.

Bob and his wife moved down to Melbourne, and recommenced the struggle there. For a time Bob worked steadily, with varying success; but ever before his eyes, asleep or awake, was the lost vein of gold. In his dreams he found it, and visions of what he would do with it floated before his imagination. But it was only a dream.

As time went on, the hunger to have another try grew on him; and when his wife decided to take in a few boarders, and one or two of the children began to bring in a few shillings of their earnings to swell the family purse, Bob could resist it no longer, and away he went to the mountains with his swag on his back. His children grew up to manhood and womanhood, knowing little of their father. 'Tis true he came home at Christmas time for a day or two; but usually the prospects were so promising that he was only too glad to find himself on his way back again.

Then a dark shadow crossed his path. His faithful, hard-working wife died suddenly. Bob was left desolate, and tried to drown his grief in renewed exertions. But one morning while hard at his work, he slipped and injured his knee, and for long weary months he lay in the hospital, only to rise again crippled for life.

In the struggle for bread in a great city, his sons and daughters, scarcely knowing their father, soon scattered in different directions; and Bob, old and shattered, limped painfully away to his mine in the mountains. Years slipped away. Bob turned up now and again at Jim's store, got his rations, and disappeared until necessity compelled him to apply for fresh stores. It is true he found some gold; but, like an ever receding vision, the lost vein always floated before his mind, and he still believed that the time was not far distant when he would strike it rich again.

Jim Meredith had seen nothing of the old man for some months past. So he greeted him with more than his usual friendliness when he entered his store this wet autumn evening, for he knew his story and felt truly sorry for him.

'Well, how goes it, Bob? What are the prospects now?'

The old man clutched eagerly at the counter, and leaning forward, said, 'Ah! Jim, my man, I'm nearing the vein again, and will soon have it.'

Jim shook his head, and after inviting his customer to sit down, enquired what he could do for him.

'Well, Jim,' said the old man with an anxious quaver in his voice, 'I want more rations. I'm quite run out, and cannot go on any longer without food. The gold is so near that I must go on now. A few days will surely end it, and then I shall be able to repay all your kindness to me.'

Jim looked puzzled, scratched his head, rubbed his chin, then turned to Bob, and speaking in a firm but kind voice, said, 'Look here! This must come to an end some time or other. You are not so young as you used to be, and the winter is coming on again. The fact is, I want you to give up the prospecting, stay here with me, and make yourself comfortable. Why, you would be a wonderful help about the place, and the little room at the end of the verandah wants a tenant badly. Then look here, Bob, I don't want you to think there is any charity about it. I will pay you for your labor, and board you as part payment for your wages.'

Jim looked very uncomfortable, coughed, cleared his throat, and tried to look as if taking an old crippled prospector into his employ was quite an everyday thing for him to do.

Poor old Bob just looked him over with a keen bright eye, then, with a gasp or two, dropped his head between his arms upon the counter, and a few hard, dry sobs shook his frame. Jim hastily flew to dust some tins at the other end of the counter, coming back with a suspicious moisture about his eyes.

Slowly the old miner raised his head and said, 'No! no! Jim, my boy, it cannot be. I can't leave it now. This search for the lead has taken full possession of me; it has been more than home, wife, or children, and even my faith in God seems to have been dried up within me. Thanks! thanks, lad! but it cannot be as you say.' And the gray beard shook sadly, and the damp silvery locks fell over the tanned and wrinkled forehead. 'Give me this fortnight's rations, and I will promise you that when they are used up I will give up the quest, for this winter, at all events. But you must trust me once again. For this time I feel sure the gold is near; and when it is found, your score will be the first to be wiped off.'

Jim knew it was useless to argue with him, so busied himself with packing up all that he knew was wanted. When he had finished, he turned to the old man and said, 'Well, Bob, have it your own way this time. But remember, there will be no more rations for you out of this store before next summer, and I mean it too.'

Bob slowly picked up his packages and prepared to go. But he stopped suddenly and said, 'Give me a sheet of paper,' and, drawing pen and ink towards him, he sat down and wrote, asking Jim to call in the maid and the carter, who were sitting by the fire in the kitchen wondering what this new move was. Jim did as he was told. 'Now,' said Bob to them, 'I want you to witness my signature.' He then wrote his name in full at the bottom of the paper, its contents being carefully folded away from sight. Each in turn affixed their signatures, and with looks of wonder upon their faces returned to the kitchen. Folding the paper and putting it in an envelope, he addressed it to Jim's wife, with instructions that it was only to be opened on his death. Jim promised, and

the old man, after refusing his proffered shake-down for the night, limped off into the rain and darkness.

The weeks that followed were crowded with business. There was the local Agricultural Show; after that came the Quarterly Meeting; and what with one thing and another Jim Meredith was kept going day and night, so that old Bob and his affairs quite slipped from his memory. When he did think of him, he was astonished to find it was over six weeks since the wet night at the store. On making inquiries he found that no one in the township had seen anything of the old man for some time.

Somehow, now that the thought had come, do what he would, Jim could not get rid of it. At last he decided to ride over and look up the old prospector. Early next morning saw Jim on his trusty nag slowly climbing over the big hills that separated him from the gully. On reaching it he hitched up the horse to a sapling, and with brisk step struck up the track leading towards where he knew the hut was. It was a bright sunshiny day; the sweet, fresh smell of the scrub filled the air, and the little stream made music soft and low among the fern fronds that dipped into its course. Brushing aside some scrub, Jim found himself in a small clearing, where stood the little bark hut of the miner. All was quiet there, and seeing no sign of life about the place, he strode hastily over the intervening space, and pushed open the frail door. When his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he became aware of a form huddled up on the bunk. A horrible chill came over him, but with a sigh of relief he heard a faint groan; and bending over the prostrate form, he found it was the old miner. The sick man moved uneasily; and becoming conscious of the presence of someone in the hut, he slowly opened his eyes and said, 'Thank God, you have come. I thought you would.' And then, after a pause for breath, 'Just give me a drink.'

Jim hurried, and soon brought him a pannikin of water from the spring. He drained it, and kept still and silent for a minute or two. Then, looking up, he said, 'Jim, my boy, I have found the gold, and I am dying. Listen! I have been lying here quite alone for the last three days unable to move, and I have thought, thought over the long years of disappointment, of my mad search for the gold, and I can see my mistakes. But, Jim, lying here with death coming surely on, I have found what is more precious thon the long lost gold. In Christ my soul has been satisfied, and the life-long craving has ceased. And though I am the chief of sinners, his infinite mercy is sufficient for even me. Ah! Jim, my lad! make good use of the gold. But don't let it become your master, as I have done.'

He paused a while, then pointing to some papers, said, 'I have pegged out the claim, and these papers will give you the exact locality. You must take the proper legal steps to secure it.' And then the old man slept.

Jim did all that he could to smooth his path down to the dark river of death, watching there, in the old hut, with the bright sunshine without, and the dark, comfortless surroundings within. He listened to the ramblings of the dying man. Sometimes he was back again with wife and children. Then the eager craving would seize him, and he was busy searching for the lost run of gold. But ere the day closed the voice had ceased. Jim quietly shut the door of the old hut, and made his way back to the township. When all was over—for Jim would have him decently buried—his wife brought out the letter that Bob had entrusted to her; and, sitting together there in the cosy parlor, they read what proved to be—Old Bob's last will. It ran thus:—'I, Robert Falconer, bequeath all I die possessed of to James Meredith.' It was duly signed and witnessed. Jim then remembered the old man's instructions in the hut, and upon examining the papers he found full directions. Now to find the long lost lead. A hasty visit to the lonely gully revealed that everything was pegged out as the papers described. In short, Jim found himself the possessor of an exceedingly rich run of gold, enough to satisfy all his fondest dreams.

Who can say how great was the struggle that the silent gully witnessed? There by the old hut, with its memories of a wrecked and wasted life, Jim vowed to God that he would not touch one penny gained at such a cost. He, by God's grace, fought a great battle and won.

Some thought his after conduct that of a madman, and dubbed him a fool; but Jim held on, and searching out the old prospector's children, divided between them the money gained from their father's mine, carefully investing it for their benefit.

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Song of Summer.

(R. F. Jones, Barre, Vt., age 11.)

Beautiful summer has come again,
With its running brooks and its cooling rain;
And with happy faces the children hie
To the flowery, bowery woods close by.
For there in their beauty are violets blue,
And many a flower of scarlet hue;
For pure delight to all childish hearts
The flowery fragrance of spring imparts.

Yes, beautiful summer is really here—
The robins are singing their song of cheer,
The squirrels are playing among the trees
So gently fanned by the summer breeze;
While the fleecy clouds go floating by,
Now giving a glimpse of the summer sky,
With a glimpse of the silvery sun, and then
They close as slowly up again.

You see in the garden the golden corn,
And hear the sound of the shepherd's horn;
While through the forest, so still and clear,
The sound of the hunter's horn we hear.
And when the twilight casts its shadows,
And cows come filing from the meadows,
We sleep to fancy at our leisure
Another sunny day of pleasure.

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Miss Carr's New Pupil.

(Daisy Rhodes Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

A group of girls stood in the pretty square hall belonging to Miss Carr's school.

'She dresses as if she were a millionnaire,' Leslie Guilford was saying.

'But in good taste,' Laura Penrose added.

'You ought to see their home—so shabby and everything so old, and in the most outlandish part of the city. Mamma called because Mrs. Brinkerhoff asked her as a personal favor, but she says she never will go again. And when Mrs. Holland returned it she wore darned gloves and a turned dress skirt, and in mourning, too! And as mamma says, look at her daughter in her elegant clothes; real otter on her jacket and dress, and cloth costumes we couldn't afford! I suppose they put every cent on the girl's back!'

'So shoddy!' murmured Charlotte Trask.

At that moment the front door swung back, and the object of all this adverse criticism came in—a tall, fine-looking rather than pretty girl. Elizabeth Holland was the new pupil in the finest school in the city. She had been in attendance about two weeks. Proud and sensitive, she felt the general disapproval of her in the very air in spite of the courteous words from a few of the girls. She wondered at first, then, 'Oh, Leslie Guilford has probably spread the fact of our shabby house and poverty, and that's enough among these blue-blooded, wealthy aristocrats to shut us out forever from the paradise of their favor. But what do I care? I wanted a first-class school and study, and I have both,' she said. But Elizabeth did care, just as any bright, healthy girl would. She loved companionship, but now to show her indifference she carried herself with a cold politeness which only indulged in the usual 'Good morning.'

Elizabeth easily took her place among the best and oldest scholars, and she applied herself to her studies with her usual diligence. Her mother's watchful eyes, however, saw a difference. Her daughter was showing a sarcastic, at times bitter spirit, which pained her indescribably. Mrs. Holland was a strong woman. Hers was not a passive nor weak nature, but she was truly religious. Elizabeth often said that her mother did not talk but acted her religion, which was the right sort. So that now when Mrs. Holland talked to her earnestly about this new trait in her character, Elizabeth listened patiently.

'I'll try and do better, mother,' she said with a sigh, 'but I'm not a wicked creature, and when the girls look askance at me and leave me entirely alone I do not feel a bit sweet and forgiving.'

But Elizabeth was to have a far greater trial which swallowed up the lesser. Before the Christmas holidays began her mother, always strong, suddenly broke down. She caught a violent cold, and then came a complication of troubles. The doctor said to Elizabeth one day that her mother ought to go to a celebrated physician and hospital in a city not far away. 'Dr. Tweed is a specialist, and in the hospital your mother would have the care she needs.'

'How much would it cost?' asked the girl anxiously.

'Well, I think it could be done for three hundred dollars,' said the physician.

Elizabeth's heart sank. Where could she get three hundred dollars?

She started off to school; her mother had hired a nurse for the two days which remained of school work, and insisted on Elizabeth's attending the final examinations.

Her mind was so full of her mother that the girl feared she would fail; but her thorough daily work brought its reward, and she passed each dreaded examination with honor. She had missed one—chemistry—and was to stay after school hours and have a private examination under Miss Carr. After it was over and Elizabeth had put on her hat and wrap, Miss Carr's voice called her name. Elizabeth stepped into the schoolroom, Miss Carr stood by her table, her wraps on, ready to leave. A book she had been using lay open before her, back of her stood a vase of flowers Laura Penrose had brought her from their conservatory. Everything seemed stamped upon the girl's mind, even to the highly polished wainscoting. Miss Carr stood there smiling, her kind motherly face (for it is not only real mothers who are motherly) beaming with interest and cordiality. She was not only a capable, cultivated woman, but a lovely one, anxious to influence her pupils for the highest and best living, beyond mere intellectual attainments.

'I feel, Miss Holland,' she began, 'that I could not let you go without telling you how well all the teachers speak of your progress in your studies. You have made a fine record. M. Pagine declares your French is better than that of any pupil he has had for years.'

The color came into Elizabeth's face. This was not what she expected. Poor child! she had grown suspicious of everyone, and had braced herself to bear blame of some kind.

'Thank you so much for telling me. I feel the necessity of doing well so much,' she said.

She turned away, but with a sudden impulse Miss Carr laid a detaining hand on her arm.

'Forgive me if I seem intrusive,' she said in her rich, sympathetic voice, 'but I have felt for some time you were not happy, Miss Holland, especially lately. Do you feel at liberty to speak of it to anyone?'

Elizabeth stood looking into her face. 'Thank you, but it is nothing,' she began in her most reserved manner, when suddenly she covered her face with her hands and sobbed as she had not done for years. When she was able she said: 'Do forgive me for making such a fuss, but I am in trouble. No one can help me, but it is a relief to tell someone, and you're so kind. It's this way; my uncle, my mother's only brother, is very wealthy, and he insists on giving me every advantage and dressing me, as he says, "suitably." I appreciate all this, for I am determined to qualify myself to teach the higher branches, especially languages, so that I can earn more and care for my mother. For Uncle Richard was very angry when she married papa. He wanted her to marry a dear friend of his, and papa was poor, and he took one of his violent dislikes to him. He declared if mamma married him he never would have a thing to do with her, and he has kept his word. With all he does for me, he never does anything for mamma. She feels so dreadfully that there is such a feeling between them, who ought to be so much to each other; but I get furious and sometimes I want to refuse to accept anything more from a man who disowns my mother. And now I feel it more than ever, for mamma is very ill and needs to go away for special treatent, and she cannot go.'

'It is hard to command ready money,' Miss Carr said in a businesslike tone, 'but I always keep several hundreds in bank ready to loan. It is fortunate that it has lately been returned so that I can offer it to you, my dear Miss Holland. There is this advantage in borrowing of me,' Miss Carr added with a little laugh, 'I never charge interest, and I never care how long one is in repaying it.'

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. 'You are more than kind, but I fear I should be years in repaying it, as I should need four hundred dollars.'

'Before you spoke of this I had intended trying to get you to take Miss Blessing's place for the rest of the year with the younger pupils. Your studies, except one, come in the afternoon, and the children's session in the afternoon,' Miss Carr announced. 'It would be practice for you, and later I know I can obtain a fine position for you. You need not be afraid you cannot repay me, and I don't care if you are many years in doing it.'

Elizabeth sprang to her feet. 'Oh, how happy you have made me!' she exclaimed. 'I can hardly wait to get my mother ready!'

Miss Carr smiled at her impulsiveness. 'I shall have the money ready for you tomorrow morning,' she said.

A few days later, with wardrobe replenished, Mrs. Holland was able to start. Elizabeth went with her and stayed over Christmas in the city. It was lonely to come back and go to work, but there were the Sunday dinners at Miss Carr's and the busy, busy days studying and teaching.

* * * * * * * *

It was after the beginning of the third school term and recreation time. Elizabeth sat in the schoolroom reading. Her mother had come home some time since, well, though not as strong as she had been. Elizabeth had paid Miss Carr a hundred dollars. She was too busy to have time to be unhappy these days, and then Laura Penrose was her firm friend, and the two were very congenial.

Suddenly the door opened and a tall, distinguished-looking man entered. Elizabeth sat staring in dumb astonishment. 'Uncle Richard!' she said.

'Well, and why shouldn't I come to see how my only niece is getting along?' asked the gentleman as he greeted her and sat down near her.

'I think, too, it's high time I did,' he added, fixing his keen eyes upon her. 'I've been visiting Miss Carr, who sounds your praises. But, Elizabeth, what does this teaching business mean? Why didn't you tell me?'

His niece met his look unflinchingly. Whoever else might fear Uncle Richard, Elizabeth never had done so, much to that gentleman's secret delight.

'I supposed you knew that the reason I accepted so much from you, uncle, was because I wanted to fit myself to care for my mother,' she said.

The keen eyes fell for a moment before the girl's. 'Humph! nonsense!' he said.

'Miss Carr tells me your—your mother has been very ill at a hospital. Why didn't you send to me for money?' he demanded.

'I preferred borrowing it and paying it myself,' said Elizabeth proudly. 'I am sorry, Uncle Richard,' she added, 'but it is after the time for the children's recess, and I must recall them. Will you stay?'

Her uncle frowned and nodded, and a moment later the room was full of Elizabeth's pupils.

In the afternoon, when Elizabeth's recitations were over, and she was realizing for the first time how tired she was, Uncle Richard called for her in a handsome carriage.

No sooner was she seated and the coachman had driven off, than her uncle said abruptly: 'I've been talking to your mother all the afternoon. We've about settled things. I suppose you'll have to keep your present engagement, but understand! I don't want any more of this thing. I've plenty of money, and you and your mother are all the kinsfolk I have. I never dreamed your mother had so little. You're to leave that miserable house at once for a flat in a pretty part of the city, rented furnished. This summer we will go where you please, and next fall you can enter college; you can take the senior grade, I find, and your mother will keep house for me. She won't have any care, for I've a competent housekeeper.' He paused and looked at his niece.

Elizabeth felt that everything was giving way and unreal as her uncle poured forth his plans. 'Is mamma willing?' she asked in a dazed voice.

'Yes, Constance is a good woman, she has forgiven me. Elizabeth, I know it's harder for you, and you're so independent too, but think how lonely I am in my big house! Money don't give everything, and I just long for my own flesh and blood. I'm a stubborn old man and I've held out a long time, but I'll try and make you both happy. You'll let me try, won't you?' Uncle Richard put out his hand as he ended.

Elizabeth caught it in both hers. 'O Uncle Richard! you're so kind, and I'll try and not disappoint you, but there's that money I must pay Miss Carr. You must let me earn that first.'

Her uncle laughed. 'Oh, we'll settle that!' he said. 'There's your mother waiting for us.'

* * * * * * * *

'There was some trouble between Mr. Ellsworth and his sister,—a misunderstanding,—but it's all made up, and the Hollands are to live with him and inherit all his fortune. He seems to worship Elizabeth, says she is a true Ellsworth, and you know how talented she is. I'm so sorry she's going away.' It was Leslie Guilford who was regaling Miss Carr's girls with her lately acquired knowledge of the Hollands's affairs.

'Well, I shan't miss her as long as I'm to visit Elizabeth at the seashore in August,' said the quiet voice of Laura Penrose.

Meanwhile, the thoughts of the 'fortunate Miss Holland,' as the train whirled her away to her new life, were: 'Oh, I never must forget the past few years, and I never can forget dear Miss Carr, and, oh, I hope I never shall be spoiled with all Uncle Richard's kindness!'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them free of cost.

Girls and Girls.

(Sydney Dayre, in the 'Presbyterian.')

'There she goes.'

'Who—?'

'That girl that's come to stay at the hotel. There's quite a family of them.'

'I wonder if they're going to stay all summer.'

'I s'pose so. When folks come that way they generally settle down till school begins in the fall. Then those that have children pull up and go back.'

'Nice to have no work to do all summer long.'

'To stay around in pleasant places with nothing to do but read and play on the piano and such.'

'Nice to wear such clothes for every day.'

They gazed upon her, these three or four girls who sewed all day in the dressmaker's shop in the smart little town. At its edges, on the shore of a lake, stood the hotel to which had come the girl who had attracted their attention. How pretty she was and how light of step, as if borne by the impetus of happy thoughts and sweet fancies. And her clothes!—in the smallest detail so full of suggestion of the dainty care possible only to ample means and leisure.

'She's out on her wheel to-day.'

Again busy eyes were raised for a moment to take in the trim figure moving with the lightness of a bird through the fresh air.

Half an hour later she came back in sorrier plight, trundling her wheel. After a questioning gaze at the windows of the sewing room she leaned her wheel against the porch and came in.

'Good morning, I've met with a mishap, as you see,' she said. 'I ran over a stone, and it threw me against a barb-wire fence. No, I'm not hurt except a scratch on my arm, but I came in to see if you would be so kind as to fix me up a little so I can get back to the hotel in decent shape.'

She had pinned together a long tear in the gray serge skirt, but had not been able to hide the damage to her sleeve. Accepting the proffered wrapper she chatted while a girl worked on the suit, at length saying:

'It's only cobbling, this on the jacket. It would have kept you too long if I had tried to do anything else. But if you will send it over we can put it in good order.'

'Thank you. I shall be glad to have you.'

There was a sober expression on Emily Marshall's bright face as she walked away.

'How could I endure it—to live so? To sit all day in that dull room and sew. That girl back in the corner with the black eyes had such a discontented, sullen look, as if she would like to break away if she could. I wonder if I shouldn't look just so. I wonder why I am so different—why I have the good times and they haven't. But what's the good of wondering, when I have all my life had kept before me Aunt Amy's answer to that question—because the Lord means that those of us who have things may help those who have not. They are girls like me, and I'd like to. But then how can I? They are not the poor, such as we help in the city. They would be on their dignity at once at the idea of being helped. I wonder if they would like to have me read to them. I should like it, I know, if I had to sit and sew all day.'

She carried down the jacket herself, and while sitting for a short time took up a newspaper which lay on the table and read a few bits from it. Observing the pleasure it seemed to give she kept on, feeling well rewarded by the shy thanks as she laid the paper down.

'I should like to come for an hour or so every day and read to you,' she ventured as she rose to go. 'Unless it would interfere with the machine sewing—' as a girl seated herself before a machine and set it humming, as if making up for lost time.

'O no, indeed,' she said. 'We'd be glad enough to fix things so as only to have quiet sewing if we knew when you were coming.'

'I'm fond of reading aloud,' went on Emily, 'and I'm not having much chance for it this summer, for mother is interested in reading that I don't care for. I have a friend at home to whom I read a great deal, and I miss her now. It is such dull work to read alone.'

What should she read to them? Her whole heart went out in earnest desire to bring something in the way of good, of joy and lightness to these young lives so like her own and yet so unlike. She had secured her chance, the only visible chance of conveying to them an uplift which they must sorely need. To a young girl so happily abreast of the leading times the choice was not difficult.

'It must not be dull. Not as if they thought I meant it for a lesson.'

She chose first some of the Young People's papers, which in these favored times bring light into so many hearts and homes. They offered the variety needed, and no one would have occasion for fear of an intended 'lesson' when she took it just as it came. They laughed at the bright stories, took in with appreciation the bits of choice verse, and certainly did not relax in close attention at articles which led to consideration of the best and highest things. In her keen anxiety for the welfare of those she was striving to help Emily found herself as never before appreciating the value of truths concisely told, of strong thought shaped to the comprehension of every day minds.

The 'hour or so' easily lengthened into two, and the papers would not last. Long before the summer was over the young girl had introduced her new friends to many gems of literature which, coming to them through her clear sweet voice, took strong hold upon them. And the day had soon come in which she could, in a matter of course way, which took from it all feeling of restraint, close with a reading in the Bible, observing that it had been her habit when with her friend.

'What shall we do when you are gone?' was mournfully said as the season drew to a close. It has been the happiest summer we have ever known.'

'You have heard plenty of things you will never forget—' began Emily, half questioningly.

'Indeed we have.' And that was the only effort at a lesson which Emily had courage to make.

'No, we won't forget. We won't forget her, nor them,' meaning the things of which Emily had read.

Three girls were walking on the lake shore after the day's work was done, talking about the summer days which were over.

'She helped me to something better than sewing,' said one. 'I asked her a good deal more about those city things she read about the hospitals and such. And I'm going to be a trained nurse.'

'She's helped me to something better, too,' said the girl with the black eyes and sullen look. 'You know I've been sewing this summer because I was sick and tired of staying at home, for all mother needs me all the time. I see things different now, and I'm going to try if I can't be some help and comfort to her.'

'I haven't learned of anything better than just my sewing, for that's what I am to do. But I've been thinking what a different way there is of doing the dull, everyday things. How—that—' evidently feeling far more than she was able to express, 'O well—I can't say it as the books do, but I mean, you know, the "drudgery divine." The sweeping a room as by his laws, or something. Miss Emily gave me the verses and I must read them again.'

She had made over to them a share of the sweetness and brightness and wideness of her young life; all the while deeming what she had done such a little thing.

Converted on a Runaway Bicycle.

Mr. Simpson says: 'Some time ago I met a young man who was converted while on his bicycle. He had been anxious about his soul for about three weeks. He wished to be a Christian, and yet wished to keep a hold of some of the pleasures of the world, such as the theatre and card-parties. It was while halting between two opinions that he went off on a short tour on his bicycle. He had ridden about twelve miles, when he came to a rather steep hill. He had not got far down before he felt that the machine was running away with him. He could not restrain it, so contented himself with trying to guide it. Presently he saw a turn at the foot of the hill, and with a shudder he realized that he would most likely be dashed against the wall. Instantly there flashed through his mind the thought that he might soon be in eternity, and unsaved. There was no time to think, but there went up from his heart the cry, 'Lord, help me! Lord, save me! Save me from death if it be thy will, but above all save my soul. I surrender to thee.' He was now at the foot of the hill. Ah! the turn was not so sharp as it had looked—it broadened out considerably. With anxious hand he guided the machine and swept round the turning in safety. He was saved. Ah! but the few seconds that he had passed in travail of soul had wrought a change in him. He had come to Christ in his danger, and Christ had heard him and saved him, and now he gave himself heart and soul unto the Lord, and to this day is a faithful worker for his Master.'—'Christian Herald.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

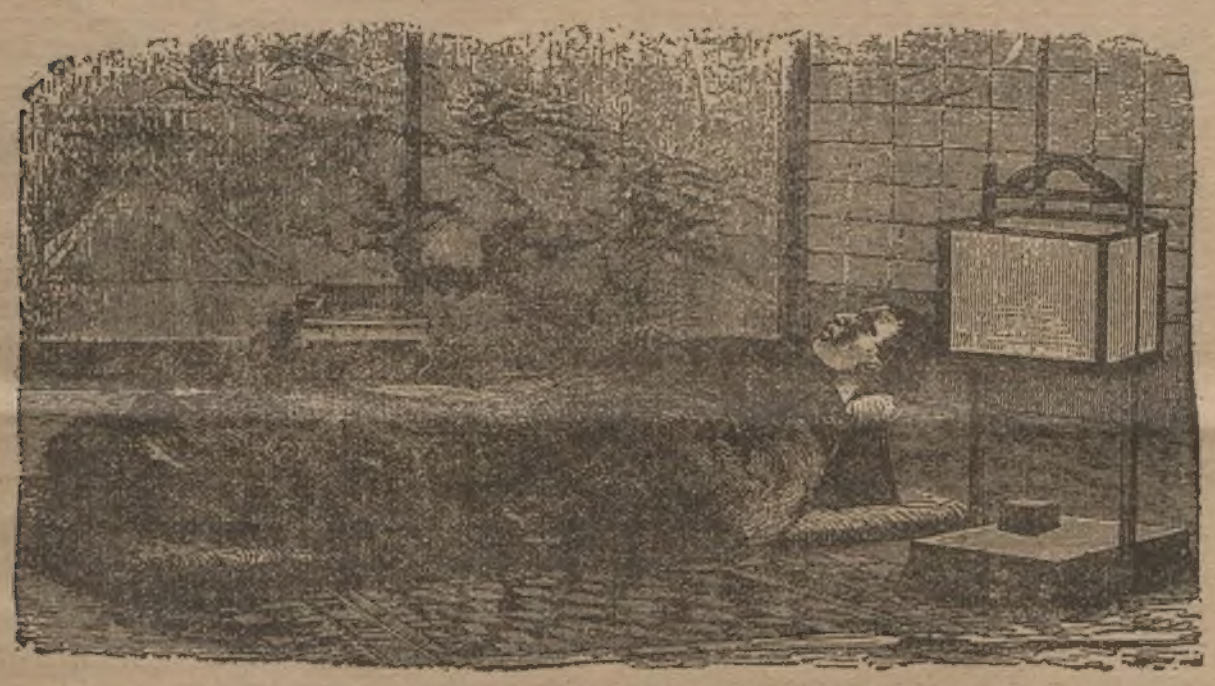
Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

LITTLE FOLKS

In Japan.

('Mission Dayspring.')

'The everyday life of the common people of Japan is very interesting. At an early hour the family rise, the wadded quilts on and under which they have slept are folded and put away in a press with a sliding door. Here also are kept the little wooden wicker or bamboo pillows on which the nape of the neck instead of the head is rested. The latter is padded on top, but even this does not make the posture any more comfortable, and American boys and girls would do a great deal of grumbling if they had to lie with their necks in a stock, as it were, all night. This kind of pillow was formerly imperative for boys as well as girls, on account of the elaborate method of dressing the hair, and to prevent the bedclothes from becoming smeared with bandoline. Nowadays boys wear their hair cut after the American fashion.



A JAPANESE SLEEPING-ROOM.

'It is very amusing to watch the children use their chopsticks, although they are exceedingly dexterous in handling these little implements. These hoshi (as the natives call them) are of various kinds; some are of bamboo, others of mahogany, and still others of ivory. They also vary in shape and size, some being round, while others are angular, slender at one end and stout at the other. They are held in various ways, just as boys and girls in America hold their knives and forks in different positions, but as with us there is but one right way. One chopstick is held between the thumb and forefinger, the other between the fore and middle finger; they are then nicely balanced and used to convey all kinds of food to the mouth. By following the foregoing directions with two lead pencils a better idea may be given of the difficulty one experiences in managing these implements at first, for they persist in wobbling about in the most aggravating fashion.

'The better class of people never use the same chopsticks twice, but instead furnish little strips of sweet white wood, highly polished and split apart for only half their length to show that they have never been used. It is thus an easy matter to pull them apart.

'Even very young children have their task, if it is nothing more than caring for the pets, of which even the poorest homes can boast.

'In the country districts, where each house becomes a nursery for silk worms the boys and girls do their part admirably, being well acquainted with every detail of silk-worm culture, and often learning more about natural history than many college graduates in America. The girls are taught to weave and spin, which in time they learn to do quite as well as their grandmothers. And thus the days pass in a Japanese home.

'When the children come home from school in the evening they remove their clogs at the door, then bow to their father and mother till their foreheads touch the floor. If there is a grandmother in the home, she, of course, is greeted first. Like all boys and girls who have been in school several hours, they are ready for the evening meal of salt fish, rice and tea. By the time dinner is over it is dark, for there is no twilight in Japan. This is the signal for the boys to close the wooden shutters, and to light a lamp before the family shrine, which is done after a family prayer to the many armed Buddha at the altar. Then comes the monotonous humming of the preparation of lessons by the older ones, while the younger children play games, or pass the time away with their toys.

'When the lessons are learned, the older boys and girls are liberated, and what a merry time they have playing the games which their parents have provided with their usual kindly interest, and which they watch and enter into with all the zest of the children themselves.'

Whosoever.

('Children's Work for Children.')

There were children by the door
Conning Bible verses o'er.

'Which word, all the Bible through,
Do you love best?' queried Sue.

'I like "faith" the best,' said one.
'"Jesus" is my word alone.'

'I like "hope."' 'And I like "love."
'I like "heaven," our home above.'

One, more small than all the rest,
'I like "whosoever" best.

'"Whosoever!" that means all;
Even I, who am so small.'

'"Whosoever!" Ah! I see
That's the word for you and me.

'"Whosoever will" may come,
Find a pardon and a home.'

Don't Forget.

Don't forget to give your canary the best of water and seed every day. See that he has a good fish bone. Clean his cage every day. Keep him out of the hot sun and the glare of night lights, and yet let him have sunshine. Talk to him—talk to him with a kind voice. Let him out of the cage occasionally. We give crumbs of break soaked in milk, lettuce, chickweed, a little piece of egg, sometimes a little fruit, a nut, and lots of good things, and let him eat or reject as he pleases. Remember he is a prisoner in confinement, de-

pendent on you every day for health and life, and constantly strive to make him happy. A little ten-cent looking-glass will add greatly to his happiness. Take care that neither sun nor other light reflected shall dazzle him.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Brief Hints for Bright Girls.

Some one, says an American paper, has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following 'accomplishments' are within everybody's reach, and go far towards making the true lady,—one who casts brightness all around her:—

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.

A Parrot at Breakfast.

A funny parrot lives in Brooklyn and is very fond of the lady she lives with. When the breakfast bell rings in the morning she will push open the door of her cage with her bill, fly down to the breakfast table, take her own chair, which she always knows and occupies at each meal, and wait till the family assembles. If they should not gather as quickly as she thinks they ought she will call out, 'Hurry up, folks, hurry up!' and at the same time hop over to the oatmeal dish and attempt to lift the cover; for she is very fond of oatmeal, and will make her entire breakfast of it. She would not touch the oatmeal, even if she were able to lift the cover, for she is a very good Polly. After finishing her breakfast she flies right back to her cage.

Faithfulness in Small Things

A poor, lame, weak-minded man worked twelve hours daily in a close, hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to God's praise, but he had never understood the meaning of his words.

One day he looked out of the window and saw a runaway horse passing by, drawing a waggon in which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A gentleman ran up to it from the pavement, caught and held the bridle till the horse stopped and mother and child were saved.

Then the poor old cobbler thought: What if the bridle on that horse had not been sewed well or poor thread had been used? The bridle would have broken and three human beings would have been made unhappy. Who knows but what I sewed that bridle!

Filled with this thought, he performed his work with special diligence and faithfulness after this time.—'Lutheran.'

How a Spider Used Sixpence.

A friend of mine noticed near his camp a trap-door spider run in front of him and pop into his hole, pulling the 'lid' down as it disappeared. The lid seemed so neat and perfect a circle that the man stooped to examine it, and found to his astonishment, that it was a sixpence. There was nothing but silk thread covering the top of the coin, but underneath mud and silk thread were coated on and shaped convex (as usual). The coin had probably been swept out of the tent with rubbish. As is well known, the doors of trap-door spiders' burrows are typically made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or other adhesive material. The unique behavior of the spider in question showed no little discrimination on her part touching the suitability as to size, shape and weight of the object selected to fulfill the purpose for which the sixpence was used.—'Sydney Bulletin.'

Baby Carl's Selection.

'Which shall I read?' asked sister Nan,
Cuddling tight the little man;
'It makes no difference at all to me,
You may tell what it shall be.
There's Little Boy Blue, and Old King Cole,
Little Miss Muffet—so very droll!
Cinderella, and queer Jack Spratt—
P'rhaps 'twould please you if I read that.
Then there's Jack Horner, Red Ridinghood,
And the little lost babes that lived in the wood.'
'I think,' said Carl, 'I'd like Bo Peep,
For I'm like her—most fast asleep!'
—'Waif.'

The Mother's Loving Eyes.

One of the greatest artists tells a story of his school days. He was the son of a widow, and he was sent to a grammar school, and only once a month could he see and speak to his mother. But she loved him so dearly, and so desired to be near him, that she took a house which overlooked the school playground, and every day, when the boys were at their games, she was watching at the window. He soon found it out, and from that time he was ashamed to do anything wrong or mean. He always thought of those loving eyes; they seemed to be watching him even in his chamber, and it helped to keep him straight and true. Boys, God's love is stronger than a mother's, and if we were to go to Africa or China his love would still follow us. He is always watching us. Let us not do anything that we cannot ask his blessing on. It seems a wonderful power, does it not, to know and see all and hear all? One of the grand attributes of our Heavenly Father is his omniscience; that is, knowing all things. Another is his omnipresence; that is, present in all places. Another is his omnipotence, that is, possessing unlimited power.—'National Advocate.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON VII.—MAY 17.

Acts xxiv., 10-16, 24-26.

Golden Text.

I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. —Psalm xxiii., 4.

Home Readings

Monday, May 11.—Acts xxiv., 1-16.
Tuesday, May 12.—Acts xxiv., 17-27.
Wednesday, May 13.—Rom. xv., 25-33.
Thursday, May 14.—Mark xiii., 5-13.
Friday, May 15.—Is. xli., 8-17.
Saturday, May 16.—I. Pet. iii., 14-22.
Sunday, May 17.—I. Cor. vi., 1-10.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

10. Then Paul, after that the governor had beckoned unto him to speak, answered, Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge unto this nation, I do the more cheerfully answer for myself;

11. Because that thou mayest understand, that there are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem for to worship.

12. And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people; neither in the synagogues nor in the city;

13. Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me.

14. But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing in all things which are written in the Law and in the Prophets;

15. And have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.

16. And herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.

24. And after certain days, when Felix came with his wife Drusilla, which was a Jewess, he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ.

25. And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered: Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.

26. He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him; wherefore he sent for him the oftener, and communed with him.

The chapter should be read before the specially assigned verses are taken up for consideration.

Paul had been taken to Cesarea, the capital of Judea, under an armed escort, and turned over to the governor of the province. Five days after Paul had been put in direct charge of Governor Felix, Ananias, the high priest, with the Jewish elders and an orator, or advocate, came down to Cesarea to lodge information against the Apostle. Paul must have been regarded as a powerful preacher of the Gospel of Christ to call forth such important opposition as this. The orator Tertullus, in making his groundless charge against Paul, sought to flatter Felix, speaking as though he were a great public benefactor, when he had in reality done comparatively little, as history shows, and was a corrupt and oppressive ruler. Tertullus accused Paul of being a pestilent fellow, that is, a man of wicked life and given to making trouble. More than this, he was charged with being an insurrectionist, a ring-leader of the Nazarenes, and a profaner of the temple.

Paul's prisons were only doorways to greater usefulness. The imprisonment of John Bunyan gave to the world 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the imprisonment of Paul was likewise productive of good works, which not only served a great purpose in his time, but have gone on accomplishing good ever since.

The time of these events was A.D. 57 or 58.

The lesson may be divided as follows:

1. Paul before Felix, 10, 11.
2. Paul Denies the Charges of his Enemies, 12, 13.
3. Paul's Confession, 14-16.
4. Felix before Paul, 24, 25.
5. Felix Hopes that Paul will Buy his Liberty, 26.

We have in this chapter two addresses, possibly only in outline, one by Tertullus, a professional advocate, and the other by Paul. Tertullus began by flattery, but Paul opens with a frank statement that he is glad to make his defence before a governor who had been so long a judge of the Jews, for he is thus familiar with their beliefs, laws and customs; and again, because, by inquiring, Felix could easily learn that it was only twelve days since Paul had set out from Cesarea for Jerusalem. He sets his true object in contrast with the things charged by Tertullus. Instead of seeking to raise strife and tumult, or to profane the temple, Paul's object was one of reverential worship, at the religious capital of his race.

Paul's bearing is strongly contrasted with that of Tertullus. Tertullus was not speaking from the heart, but was a hired advocate, and as such could not leave the favorable impression that a clean and innocent man would make in vindicating his own actions, when he knew he acted from pure motives. Tertullus made a show of being politic, Paul was simply polite.

Paul now turns to a direct denial of the charges made against him. Nowhere, during his brief stay in Jerusalem, had the Apostle done anything unlawful or that should disturb the public peace. He boldly declares that his accusers cannot prove their charges. Notice that Paul says that 'they,' not Tertullus, cannot prove these things. He recognizes that Tertullus was only a mouthpiece for the fanatical Jewish party, and in his defence he strikes directly at them.

Paul now says that he does confess one thing unto Felix, and it is this, that after the way, which his accusers called a sect, he worshipped the God of their fathers. The ideas expressed by the Revised Version are used here. The word in the King James Version translated 'heresy' is better read 'sect.' The thought is that these Jews regarded Christianity as a sect or a new departure in the Jewish religion, but Paul saw it as it was, the great end and fruit of the old religion. It was the Way.

He showed in detail what this Way was, and that it was not contrary to the Jewish faith:

1. He worshipped the God of their fathers.

2. He believed all things in the law and the prophets. These Scriptures taught the coming of a Messiah, who should be their Redeemer.

3. He had the same hope of the resurrection from the dead that these Jews held. This hope of the resurrection was not a new one, which they had but recently heard since Christ arose. For instance, the prophet Daniel proclaimed it, as we see in his 12th chapter.

Not only did Paul believe these things which the Jews also believed, but he conducted himself accordingly, so that he had a conscience devoid of offence toward God and men. Felix put the Jews off upon the plea of requiring to hear more of the case from Lysias the chief captain.

Plainly Felix had been much impressed by Paul's bearing and defence, for he not only made his imprisonment as easy as possible, but some days after this he came with his wife, a Jewess, to learn about the Christian faith. Paul began at the very foundation of the question by speaking of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. He showed Felix what a man ought to be, how he ought to control his own desires, and that for unforgiven sin there was coming a time of judgment. Paul was not afraid to set forth the wrath to come, as well as the way of salvation.

In speaking as he did Paul showed them the contrast between their own lives and what was right and true. His words went home, for Felix trembled as his past was called to his mind, and the doom of the unforgiven sinner was help up before him. The governor's personal need of a Saviour, who alone could blot out the past, was made clear to him.

But Felix put Paul off without making a decision, but waiting for 'a convenient season,' which, so far as we know, never came. He evidently thought from Paul's prominence and his reference to the money he was bringing his people as alms, that he might have sufficient means to purchase his release. But Paul did not concern himself with liberty upon such conditions, and for two years remained a prisoner in Cesarea.

Next week we find Paul pleading his case before King Agrippa. Acts xxvi., 19-29.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, May 17.—Topic—The lad with the loaves and fishes. John vi., 9-13.

Junior C. E. Topic

THE LAD'S LOAVES AND FISHES.

Monday, May 11.—Obedience. Eph. vi., 1-3.

Tuesday, May 12.—Cheerfulness. Prov. xvii., 22.

Wednesday, May 13.—Readiness. Eccl. ix., 10.

Thursday, May 14.—Sincerity. Eph. vi., 6.

Friday, May 15.—Helpfulness. Acts x., 38.

Saturday, May 16.—Serving God. Rom. xii., 11.

Sunday, May 17.—Topic—Lessons from the lad with the loaves and fishes. John vi., 9-13. (A union meeting with the older society.)

A Call for Workers

What are you going to do? Have you thought of Sunday-school work? To my mind, this is the most glorious work in God's vineyard.

If you live in town perhaps you can gather together a dozen poor children who are unwilling to attend the large school on account of poverty and lack of suitable clothing. If so, I think it is your duty—nay, your privilege, to take the Gospel to them; and you will surely find that a 'Sabboth so spent' will bring its 'week of content.' But perhaps you live in the country, as I do. If so, look around, and it is not at all unlikely that within easy riding distance of your home you will find quite a number of children who are growing up without anyone to tell them of a Father's love, and of Jesus the Children's Friend, and who are so situated that they can be gathered together, and a nice little school formed. If it be so, let me exhort you to go forth in the strength of the Lord, and become one of God's noble army of volunteers. Don't be afraid that the parents will object; as a rule they do not; they may have no religion themselves, but yet few are blind to the fact that the Sunday-school teacher brings that which will uplift and ennoble the children and impart to them the secret of a happy life. —Australian Paper.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

The Old Sexton's Son

'Come in, young man. Sit right down by the fire and dry yourself. There's to be no meeting to-day, but I thought I'd be on hand, as maybe some mightn't know about it.'

As the rain was falling heavily I took the comfortable seat that the old sexton offered, and, after the usual remarks on the weather, made some inquiries about the place, a quiet village in Central New York, where I was spending a few days.

'Yes, young man, there's not many hereabouts that I don't know. I've been sexton of this church for nineteen years, and except one week when I was out of town, there's not been a meeting of any kind that I've missed.'

'Indeed! that is a long record. The old church must seem like a home to you.'

'It's more than a home to me. In this room I found Christ, and since then I've seen my whole family confess his name in this church. Over in the corner of the churchyard lie wife and seven children. I'm an old man now, and soon I shall join them. So you're stopping at the hotel keeper's, are you.'

'Yes, and he seems to be a very pleasant person.'

'Yes, Lawson is a fine man. I've known him for years. But I've been afraid ever since he took that hotel. It would be all right—but that bar. Young man, I believe there's a curse from God Almighty on that business. I remember when William Jamieson put up the first hotel in the village. There was hardly a man in the county more respected than he. He kept a respectable house, but that bar brought trouble into our place. The young men spent their evenings at the tavern, instead of at home, and lounged about the bar and learned to smoke and drink. It had a bad influence on the boys. Jamieson lost the respect of the neighborhood. One of his own sons died a drunkard; another, the oldest, took his own life, and the old gentleman was so troubled that he drowned himself in the lake. Yes, my young friend, I've watched it. It is a curse to him that sells, and to him that buys. More than one of my neighbor's sons I've buried out in the churchyard yonder, that I knew was brought there by the appetite they got at Jamieson's bar. And I can tell of whole families that's been broken up and brought into sorrow by the same cause. I thank God that I've never come to the grief of seeing one of my children a drunkard.

'Did you ever hear of my son John?' continued he. 'Well, it's ten years since my last boy left me—left me forever. I counted so much on that boy, and he was always kind and trying to help me. He was very fond of the water, from a child, and, often wished he could go to sea. When he was twenty-one he said, "Father, am I free now?" "Yes, my son, free to go and come; and may God's blessing rest on you." Then he told me that a captain had offered him a place on a lake steamer, and that he would try it for one season, and then he was coming back to help me. He saw that I looked anxious, and he spoke up:

'"Father, are you afraid that I will not keep straight?" "Well, my son, it's a very hard place. There are many temptations,"—and then the noble boy stood up straight, and looked me in the eye and said, "Father, do not fear. I promise you that I will do right, and that I will not touch a drop of liquor." "Then go, my boy," I said, "and God will keep you."'

Here memories of some great sorrow seemed to overcome the father; the tears started to his eyes, and he bowed his head as though unable to go on. There was a hush in the storm without, and a stillness within, as though the elements paid respect to an old man's grief.

He continued: 'I never saw him again. That night my son was burned to death. He was in the hold when the steamer caught fire, and they could not reach him until it was too late. Ah, young man, may you never know a father's grief in such a case. But he was true! The captain told me about it. He said, "I gave the men their grog that night, as usual, but John held off. I urged him several times, and the hands laughed at him considerably, but he stood firm. After we had done, John stepped up and said, 'Captain, I came here to work, not to drink. Don't you or any other man ever ask me to drink again.' Those were his last words." Young man, don't you suppose I was comforted at that? My boy was true at the first temptation, and God spared him another.'—John K. Hastings, in 'Little Christian.'

The Saloon--Who Wants It?

(R. Walter Wright, in 'Christian Guardian.')

Who wants the saloon? The family?
O bitterest curse that ever could be,
When the heart of trust and the light of hope
Are lost in the dragon's fury-cup,
When the sweet, pure lives of wife and child,
With hate and horror are defiled,
And the stars of love go down for e'er
'Neath the black horizons of despair.
Who wants the saloon? The family?
O bitterest curse that ever could be!

Who wants the saloon? The church? Ah me!
Shall it kiss its chiefest enemy?
Alliance perverse, unnatural,
That weds the Christ with Belial,
And links the heart of the Shepherd Good
With a demon's oaths and deeds of blood.
Cast down, O saints, the idol shrine.
Desecrate no more the house divine.
Who wants the saloon? The church? Ah me!
Shall it kiss its chiefest enemy?

Who wants the saloon? The nation? Who
For millions of blood-dyed revenue
Would sell the soul of a citizen,
And sow with crime the lives of men?
The shop, the mart, the ship, the train,
Need the steady hand and the sober brain.
The spirits of Progress and Liberty
At war with this traffic must ever be.
Who wants the saloon? O Canada, you,
For millions of blood-dyed revenue?

Who wants the saloon. The Devil! He,
To gain over man a mastery,
Can use it to curse, degrade, destroy,
To blight in the home its every joy,
To hush in the heart the voice of prayer,
To stamp his death-seal everywhere,
To blind the world with a fiery spell,
And open wide the gates of hell.
Who wants the saloon. The Devil! He,
To gain over man a mastery.

Wanted, a Bartender

The other day we picked up a newspaper, and glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

'Wanted, a bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply, etc.'

Is not that a curious advertisement? How would an advertisement like this look:

'Wanted, a barber who never had his hair cut. Apply at the barber-shop on the corner,' or this:

'Wanted, a saleman in a shoe store. He must go barefoot while on duty. Apply at Blank's shoe store.'

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance or total abstinence fanatics in order to continue its business?—'National Advocate.'

Brandy and Faintness

The substitutes for brandy suggested by Dr. J. J. Ridge are as follows:—For faintness, palpitation, or relief of pain, such as colic—

1. Water, as hot as can conveniently be swallowed, either alone, or slightly sweetened. Even cold water sipped stimulates the heart.

2. Ginger Tea: One teaspoonful to a teacupful of boiling water. Sweeten; sip hot.

3. Herb Tea: A teaspoonful of powdered sage, mint or similar herb to a teacupful of boiling water. Sweeten; sip hot.

4. Chamomile Tea, taken warm, is specially suitable for the colic of infants.

5. Meat Extract: A teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract or Bovril in a wineglassful of hot water, with herb flavoring if preferred. This is a special heart stimulant. —Walter N. Edwards, in 'Alliance News.'

He Knew

'Johnny, can you tell me what teetotalism means?' This was a question asked by a gentleman who met a little boy wearing a temperance badge.

'Yes, sir,' promptly replied the boy; 'it means that if we never drink we'll never get drunk.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of April 25, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Cleveland on the Race Problem in the South—The New York 'Herald,' the Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Government by Congress—By Henry Loomis Nelson, in 'The Century' for May.
American Cost of Production—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
The Yellow Press and Foreign Policy—'The Speaker,' London.
The King's Visit to Portugal—'The Graphic,' London.
The Tsar's Manifesto—'The Times,' London.
The Churches and Modern Life—Westminster 'Budget.'
The Church and the People—By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, in the 'British Weekly.'
The Art of Success—'Chilier's Weekly.'
With the River Log Drivers—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
India—New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Salon of the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts—By M. Pierre Veber, in the New York 'Herald.'
Faces of the Dead—By Philip Gibbs, in the 'Week's Survey,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Salutation—Poem, by Thomas Traherne.
April—Poem, by Will H. Ogilvie, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Our Genius—Poem, by M. E. D., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Song of Speed—'Academy and Literature,' London.
On Making the World Small—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Chat about Golf—'Chambers's Journal.'
Charles Darwin's Correspondence—'The Standard,' London.
Darwin an Unskilled Experimenter—'The Nation,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Prehistoric Building and Utensils—'The American Inventor,' Washington, D. C.
Telepathy—By John Trowbridge, in the 'Nation,' New York.
Soups as Food—'The Daily Telegraph,' London.
Coral Reefs—'The Standard,' London.

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Correspondence

Portage du Fort, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to try to answer 'E. T.'s' question about the meaning of John xiv., 12. I think it means this: It is Jesus in us who does the 'greater works,' because he has now 'greater power' than when he was on earth. He said to his disciples, just before he ascended to Heaven, 'All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth, Go ye therefore and teach . . . and lo, I am with you alway.' (Matt. xxviii., 18-20.) He means that he will be with his workers with all the power of Heaven and earth as they go to do his work. It is not Christ in humility, but Christ in glory who now works in believers by his Almighty Spirit, as he worked in Peter on the day of Pentecost. He says in John xiv., 14, 'If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.' He says also in John xv., 5, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.' I am your little friend,

ELMER L.

Thedford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' through the post-office and like it very much. My father gave it to me on my eighth birthday. Some of my ancestors were United Empire Loyalists. My great-grandfather was captain of a regiment of reserves in the war of 1812. He was a Yankee, and moved from Vermont to the township of Pickering in 1837. They lived there till 1852 when they moved to Bosanquet. They left Vermont because it was impossible to grow wheat there, and they had to pay as much as twenty dollars per barrel at that time. My great-grandmother spun her own bed clothing and table linen from the flax which they raised themselves and put through the process of spinning and weaving. After coming to this township fifty years ago they endured great hardship for the first one or two years. One spring they had almost nothing but leeks to eat. When the corn and wheat was growing they would shell it by the handful before it was fit to cut in order to get enough to make bread. They lived principally on corn-meal and bread. They dressed in homespun flannel and the men in full cloth. They had great kneading troughs in which to knead their bread, and great brick ovens in which to bake it, and very large fireplaces. They had no matches, but they had flints.

ZEILA T. (age 13).

Banks.

Dear Editor,—The May flowers are out now, and we have good times picking them. We live on the top of the mountain, a hundred feet above Collingwood town. I would like very well to see a letter from Mabel Y., Buffalo.

VIOLET F.

West Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking for some time about writing to the 'Northern Messenger,' to let you know I like it very much. I live in a valley with a river running through it, which, after heavy rains, overflows its banks and leaves a deposit which keeps the land rich. I don't see how any boy, after reading the 'Messenger,' can ever use cigarettes. I live a mile from the school, and there are two churches. The people here work in the winter time at lumbering. I am in grade 4. My birthday is on July 26.

GORDON C. A. (age 9).

Little Branch, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to your paper once before, and saw my letter in print. We get the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. My brothers read it on Saturday nights. I was much interested in the letters of Annie M. W., of Calgary. The man she spoke about as her Sunday-school Superintendent, who died this summer, was my uncle, my mother's only brother. I have a brother who is called after him. She also asked if any little girl had a birthday on the same day as her's, March 19. Mine is not on the 19th, but on the 20th. I have sent in twenty signatures to the Pledge. I tried the Entrance Examination this summer. We go to the Presbyterian Church. We have Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor. The name of our Mission Band is 'MacMillan.' I was the president last year. I hope Annie M. W. will write again.

CATHERINE J. McK.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and the reason I am writing now is because I saw that old man's letter in last week's paper, and I thought I would like to answer his question. This is what I thought the Saviour meant in John xiv., 12:

A. 'Verily, verily I say unto you,' that is, truly, truly, or I am going to tell you a great truth.

B. What is this great truth? (a) Believers in Christ shall be able to do great miracles, such as Christ has done. And so they did. (See Acts iii., 7; ix., 33, 34; ix., 41; xiv., 10.)

C. 'And greater works than these shall ye do.' So they did: (i.). In Acts v., 15, the shadow of Peter healed some. Nowhere do we read that the shadow of Jesus healed anyone. (ii). Handkerchiefs brought from the body of Paul healed the sick. (Acts xix., 12.) (iii). But greater still, believers to-day shall be able to raise the dead spiritually, give sight to spiritual blind, cure spiritual leprosy, etc., etc. (Acts xvi., 14, 15, 18, 30, 31.)

D. The reason why they shall have this power: Because Christ went to heaven in bodily form, and he imparts this great power to his followers that the world may see and know that Jesus was the Son of God, the Saviour, and that he might be glorified, and souls saved through his followers on earth who are each thus to show the Wisdom, Power and Glory of God.

MARY S. (age 11).

Kleinburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—In answer to 'E.T.'s' letter, I think it means we will do great works. Jesus will help us do his work. It says in John xiv., 13, 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do.' So if you are to do a greater work than Jesus, just ask him and he will do it. How the work is greater is because we have the world, and Jesus worked only in Judea. We have a lots of curios. We have shells from Bermuda, shells from the Red Sea, shells from Rothsay and Girvan in Scotland, and two conch shells and shells from Toronto Island. I read the letter about curios in the 'Messenger,' and I saw a letter from a person with initials the same as mine, and the same age as me, but who lived in Nova Scotia.

G. C. B. (age 13).

Portland, Ont., Jan. 29.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter telling you where I live. I live about two miles and a half from the village of Portland. There is a lake at Portland called the Rideau Lake. It is a great summer resort. There are over one hundred islands on it. Papa bought one last fall. Many people come in house-boats from the United States to camp. There are two boats which come from Kingston and pass through to Ottawa, which are called the 'Rideau King' and 'Rideau Queen.' There is another one called the 'Olive' which comes from Montreal on Saturday afternoons. There are a number of yachts which come in daily, and nearly every island on the Rideau Lake has an up-to-date cottage built on it. Out about four or five miles there is a cottage called Anglers' Inn, which belongs to the C.P.R. In the nearer village there is a boarding-house, which many people come to in the summer time. I had the privilege of spending a few days last summer in one of the cottages belonging to my uncle. I am ten years old, and I go to school every day, and am in the Third Reader. There is going to be a lady from Kitamaat come to Harlem to-morrow night, January 30, to our missionary meeting, and she is going to tell us about the Indians. I have a little piece to sing, called 'Missionary Bells.' We take your paper in our Sunday-school, and like to read the stories in them.

BLANCHE S.

Hamilton, Feb. 3, 1903.

Dear Editor,—Mother has just finished reading some of the letters that have been written to you, and I thought I would like to write one, too. I go to school, and take music lessons twice a week. My sister goes to school too, and she is good at drawing. The Deering Works have settled in Hamilton, and now our city will be a great deal larger.

D. W. P. (age 11).

Cape Breton, N.S., Feb. 13, 1903.

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I was home two weeks from school sick with the mumps. Strathlorne, the place I live in, is a very pretty country in summer. It is situated at the foot of a high mountain covered with thick forests, which is most beautiful in the autumn, when the trees put on their autumnal tints. About two miles further north, we come to Broad Cove Mines, or, as it is now called, Inverness, which has been developed within the last three years. Quite a nice town has grown there in a very short time. They have no church yet, but they have a very nice hall, and our minister holds services there every Sunday evening. In a few years Inverness will likely be quite a large mining town. There is a railway from this place to Port Hastings on the Strait of Canso, where the coal is shipped. The winter here has been very severe. Old people say it has been the coldest winter for twenty-five yeears. February 13 was very stormy. I think you would enjoy a trip through Cape Breton, and we would be glad to see you in Strathlorne.

EFFIE E. McL. (age 14).

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HOUSEHOLD.

Heart Prayer

A young girl remarked one evening, as we came from prayer meeting, 'It is not difficult to tell where the prayers come from, is it?' 'Come from,' I asked; 'what do you mean?' 'Why,' she responded, 'I mean whether they come from the head or the heart.' 'How can you tell?' I asked again. 'Oh, I don't know,' she said; 'I feel the difference. Some pray in a cold, formal way, as if it was a duty they had to perform, and rejoiced when it was ended; some pray as if they only had the people in mind, and were talking to them; others seem to think it necessary to tell God who he is and who they are before they ask for anything; just a few pray, as if they believed Christ present and really interested in all they say, and asked as if they expected he would hear and answer their petitions.' Who among us has not felt this in a social meeting? Who has not realized the difference outside the prayer-

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room? It is this talking to Christ, listening for his answer, and obeying his command, that enables one to manifest his Spirit amid the perplexities and sorrows of life. If the church would talk more to the Master, listen more intently for his response, and obey more cheerfully, there would be less improper mingling of the world with the church, and less occasion for the world to point at the inconsistencies of professing Christians.—'Word and Work.'

Braving the Dark

I should like to say something in regard to timidity in children. One always feels sorry for the child who lives in terror of the dark room. I have a suggestion to make, and hope some mother will try it. We will call our plan 'guessing in the dark.' Let the mother take the timid child by the hand into a dark room, then walk against some object, a chair, for instance having the child put his hand on the object and 'guess' what it is. Do this until the child becomes familiar with every object in the room. He will thus become so interested in playing the 'game' that his fear will be forgotten, and in time the child will pass through the dark alone This, too, may give him courage in other darkness besides the dark room at home. I hope this little suggestion may be of use. —'Congregationalist.'

Some boys think it isn't manly to know how to wash dishes, or sew on a button, but the handy boy goes out into the world far more independent than one who cannot do such things. Teach the boys that true manliness consists in being helpful always, in every way, and to everybody. But when these sons and husbands are so good and helpful, we should never abuse their kindness, just because they are so, by expecting too much of them.

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